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upon the scientific arrangement of its collections as a whole. Not that in scientific arrangement the aesthetic should be ignored but that it should be properly subordinated to principles of period, nationality, and material. Only by such an arrangement can the historical development of art and the relation of different countries to the development of art be illustrated. There certainly may be exceptions to this rule. There are collections so homogeneous in character, which either have or can be given such an appropriate setting, that they should preferably be kept separate, so as to be enjoyed and it may be also studied in their home surroundings. Such a conjunction, however, is rare and the very exception proves the rule, because the reason for the exception is the reason for the rule.

It may be pertinently asked how far the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and for that matter any like institution, can recognize the natural desire of donors for some lasting recognition of their gifts without impairing scientific installation, present and prospective. The action of the Metropolitan, taken promptly after Mr. Fletcher's will was made public, indicates this. It can label every object with the donor's name. It can group together objects which naturally belong together and are likely to remain together and give them a group label. It can recognize the donor in its catalogues and handbooks. It can exhibit a new collection as an entirety for a limited time, as it intends to do with Mr. Fletcher's collection. It can even give a donor's name to a gallery, as it has done in the case of Henry G. Marquand. But it cannot wisely prevent the proper arrangement of its growing collections as an integral whole by accepting gifts conditioned on perpetual segregation. There are exceptions to this rule as, indeed, there are exceptions to any general rules. Such an exception was made in the case of the Altman Collection. There undoubtedly will and should be exceptions in the future. But these exceptions in case of a museum so well established as the Metropolitan and with such certainty of continued growth will become rarer and rarer, and when made

will be predicated either on the great value of the collection or on its being so homogeneous in character as to fit naturally into any proper prospective installation.

ROBERT W. DE FOREST.

## THOMAS EAKINS: TWO APPRECIATIONS<sup>1</sup>

AFTER a long and careful survey of modern paintings in America, the conclusion is plain that innovators in art—men who follow no traditions but who select their themes from impressions of somewhat unusual phases of nature—men like Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and Whistler, all great masters—have created a very baneful influence upon the painters who have attempted to follow them. There are, on the contrary, great traditions that march through the centuries, like giants in armor, shining with beauty and strength. Such a tradition is that which passed from Jordaens to Rubens—the prince of all painters—from Rubens to Van Dyck, through Kneller and Lely to Carolus Duran, and now proudly lives in the portraits of John Sargent. About fifty years ago a little picture was painted in Philadelphia by Thomas Eakins and for many years this small canvas has been hanging, perhaps unnoticed save by a few searching and discriminating eyes, in the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Thomas Eakins in *The Chess Players* followed the traditions of the Dutch school, and at that time—the early 'seventies of the nineteenth century—when Manet, Monet, and Whistler were either unheard of or derided, this Philadelphian, after a short visit to Europe, rivaled in this mas-

<sup>1</sup>On Monday afternoon, November 5, the memorial exhibition of the paintings of Thomas Eakins will be opened with a private view for members and their friends. The exhibition will be shown until December 3. In connection with this loan exhibition, the BULLETIN publishes the following appreciations of the work and character of Thomas Eakins and estimates of the ultimate place that will be accorded him in the history of American painting. They are written by J. McLure Hamilton and Harrison S. Morris, respectively, two men who knew the artist personally and have been for many years familiar with his work.—THE EDITOR.

terpiece the best works of Meissonier or Menzel.

Either through choice or necessity the career of Thomas Eakins was limited to the city which has produced more great men in art, medicine, and law than any other in America and there, where Quakers sought—though vainly—to obtain obedience to the commandment “Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image” and exhorted men to deal justly with each

without receiving any assurance that he was entitled to a high position among artists.

In conjunction with Henry Thouron—another unknown master, whose two decorations in the Cathedral of Philadelphia will remain immortal—he labored steadfastly in the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts to guide the students of that institution in those sound principles which must always be the foundations of



PAIR-OARED SHELL BY THOMAS EAKINS

other, this quiet, conscientious master worked out the serious problems of light and motion and anatomical construction unaided and almost unknown.

It is due to the initiative and generosity of the Director and Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum that the collected works of Thomas Eakins are, for the first time, to be placed before the art lovers of New York and to obtain in the metropolis of America the recognition and admiration which the master was denied in his lifetime; Thomas Eakins died without receiving his just reward. Whatever he may have thought of his own standing as an artist, however strong his hope that his work would be at some future time presented to an audience learned in the canons of art, he passed away last year

great art. To a nature like that of Thomas Eakins, these principles were inborn. To him art was built upon a solid basis; construction was everything and surface little or nothing.

Light and shadow were problems worthy of consideration, but the surfaces upon which light and shadow play were unimportant. The sheen of silk or the duft of wool stood in his view in one category. “I would paint your child,” said the eccentric Matthys Maris to a fond mother, “if she were not so spotlessly clean and so extravagantly pretty,” and so thought and painted Thomas Eakins. To him the poetry of Walt Whitman rang as true as Mother Earth could sing; while the school of Boucher and Fragonard was as false as the society which patronized it. In his

study of anatomy Eakins not only sought the form and position of muscles, but he aimed to fathom the mechanical part of the science of motion. In this endeavor he was at first misled by photographic presentations of the movements of men and animals that, owing to an entire mis-



THE THINKER  
BY THOMAS EAKINS

conception of the functions of the eye and to the misunderstanding of the camera, betrayed him, as it did other designers and painters of the time, into a false notion of what motion really is, a continuous and rather indefinite flow of form rather than an angular fixity. This study of motion, however, resulted in the production of the type of pictures represented by *Sailing—*

startling in its truthfulness—*Turning the Stake-Boat*—noteworthy for the dexterous handling of blues and grays—and *Katherine*.

In the two large and imposing works, *The Gross Clinic* and *The Agnew Clinic*, Eakins reveals himself as the great master, standing with Manet at his best and, in many respects, reminding us of those wonderful portrait groups in the Museum of Haarlem by Frans Hals. Eakins has immortalized the Guild of Surgeons of Philadelphia just as Hals has made famous the guilds of Holland but, unlike the Dutch painter, Eakins had no brilliant color to deal with—no frills and laces, no slashed doublets and lawn sleeves, no emblazoned banners but only the dull drab and gray clothes of the surgeons and students of the Quaker City. The glitter of steel instruments and a touch of blood give the only color notes to these two pictures, pictures that speak loudly of the virility of the painter and of the complete seriousness of a mind bent upon solving every problem of grouping, form, chiaroscuro, perspective, and realistic effect.

There may be a conflict of opinion respecting the comparative merits of the two portrait groups—the exponents of “light” favoring *The Agnew Clinic*—but no one can deny that in *The Gross Clinic* there has been nothing omitted that the artist deemed necessary to make his conception of that class-room and its distinguished head, a real and living record of a useful and necessary, if painful, scene.

When speaking upon the art of Japan, a Japanese once said quaintly, “Were we artistic, we did not know it.” It can be said sadly of Thomas Eakins, that he did not know, what his countrymen soon shall know, that he has painted the two really great portrait masterpieces of America in the nineteenth century.

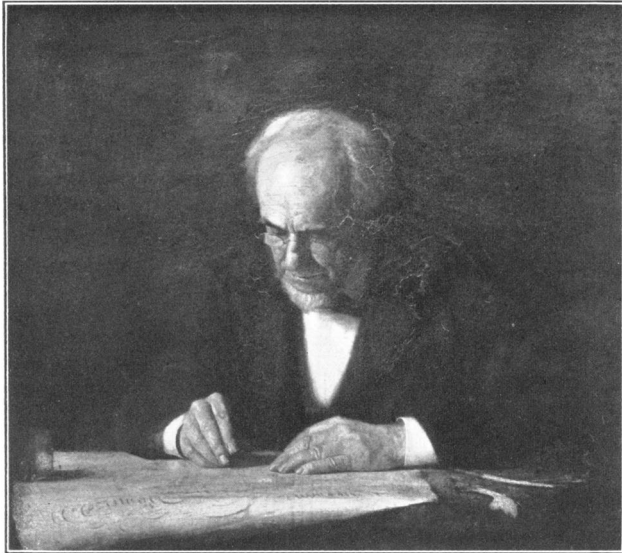
J. McLURE HAMILTON.

THE high traditions of the original schools of art of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts ended with Eakins. These schools had come down from Sully and Charles Willson Peale to Scheussele and Leutzé, and Eakins had imbibed the sincere

and thorough principles they had implanted. Theirs was an art founded on knowledge and imagination, an intellectual art that embodied beauty with truth.

Eakins received much of his instruction from the two later painters, and finished it off under Bonnât and Gérôme in Paris. He naturally sought these masters of the delineation of the actual, because his mind was a radical one which went to the roots of beauty, to its noble structures and uncom-

worked with an enthusiasm that regarded everything as negligible but art; and he put into the minds and hands of his pupils a reverence for the principles of creative painting and sculpture that made them his devoted adorers and animated them with his own aims and often with his own technique. His dominating character overcame the weak; but into the strong it entered with a purpose so powerful as to leave its trace in much of American art



THE WRITING MASTER  
BY THOMAS EAKINS

promising justice, rather than to its superficial loveliness. What he sought with his searching brush was reality, because his cultivated intellect perceived that beauty rests in reality so deeply that nothing genuine can be ugly.

He became the chief inspiration of those schools in Philadelphia and led them for many years in sanity of teaching and in the spirit of enjoyment that forgets the hard work in art for its infinite returns to the soul. You can see the imprint of his forceful nature in much of the best painting and illustrating that was done in this country from the period of the Centennial Exposition down to yesterday. He, himself,

as we know it. The graces are often of Gallic origin; the strength came much from Eakins and the traditions he carried onward from the old sources in Philadelphia.

But a reaction, as always, set in which, with polite views about art, saw in the virile teaching and manly productions of Eakins a shock to its fastidious conventions. The right man was lifted from the right place and gentler etiquette began a new kind of era. Eakins was thus liberated to paint the things which teaching had checked and he poured out a rich abundance of canvases and often of sculptures, that has its reflection in the group now shown in his manly memory.

I can conceive of few happier careers than that of Eakins. He was no fashionable painter avid of admiration. He went his steady way toward his goal and he attained it if ever man did. He had the happiness of achieving what he sought to do with brush and clay; he drew around him the companions he liked, whose ideals were his own; he lived a domestic life of tranquil comfort and intellectual interchange; he was respected and admired as an artist, though more beyond than in his own city; and he saw his faithful pupils rise and go forth to fame, to positions at home and abroad of enviable rank. He did what he liked, and what he liked was best worth doing in all our list of endeavor, for he was a great artist and he enriched our national possessions with masterpieces like the portraits of Agnew and Gross, as well as delicate studies at the other extreme of size, like the Chess Players and the Rush—works that will endure with the structure of our national life.

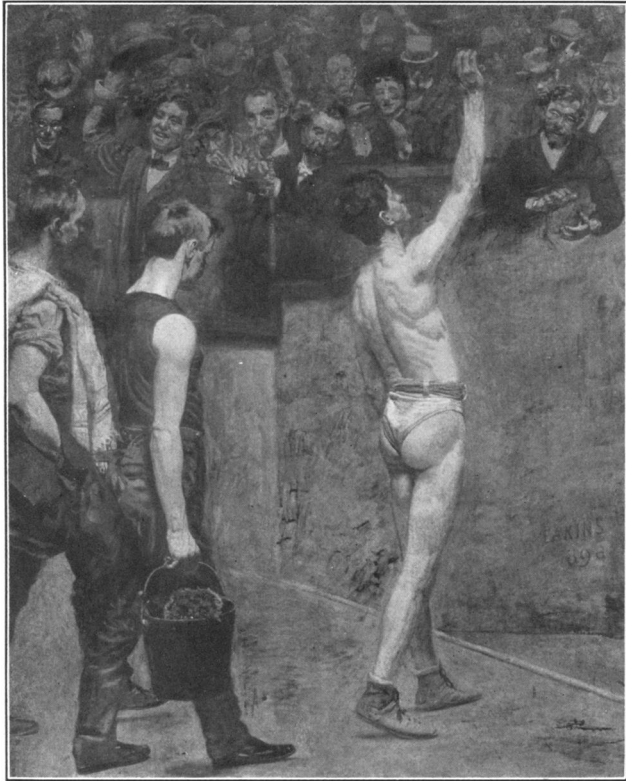
The quiet but earnest spirit of Eakins looked out at you from a face that was almost heavy with thought and invention. He spoke slowly but firmly on deep-founded principles of life. He showed little levity, but was fond of a joke; and his charity, as with all such reflecting natures that know the springs of human motive, was overflowing. Like Chase he never uttered any bitterness about other artists. His impulse was that of a born teacher—to help, to develop, to unfold, for the betterment of the individual and of the race. He was as frank in speech as he is in his art. He would make no concessions against his convictions, and thus his talk was an education to those who were near to him, for he was rather silent in company not in harmony with his devices. His studio, whether at home or elsewhere, was no show-room of elegance and allurements. It was rough and coarse and dusty. He wore no velvet and fine linen, his habitual

working dress was often uncouth, and I remember seeing him, in the summer-time, almost a study in the nude as he modeled or painted in his attentive way. But in his social habits he was the plain, rather taciturn gentleman of simple demeanor and dress.

It was this bent of mind that made Eakins choose for subjects the rough and tumble of the boxing bout or the hit or miss of the cow-boy and the explorer. He reveled in types of strength and adventure, as is shown by his fine canvases of glove contests and his portraits of men of science in their field costumes. He enjoyed the wild rush of his bronco across country, near his haunts in the Welsh Mountains of Pennsylvania; and I recollect one such episode when I found myself astride of a pony, which in spite of me followed at a gallop the mad pace which Eakins set on his western nag. He was strong and fearless in his life, in his convictions, and in his art, and you have the verification of this in the representative group of his work which is now so reverently displayed to do him honor.

It is inevitable that what is just and true and beautiful will find its ordered place in the substance of life. It may tragically outlast its creator and come to its own in a new generation, or it may have recognition in his day. But prevail it will even in a world that must have authority for its liking; even in a world that has sacrificed many who bore it the richest gifts. Eakins was valued by those of his day who foreknew the significance and endurance of his monumental additions to our art. He was a powerful master in teaching and a painter of accepted rank in America and in France. I have faith that he will step to a place among those who have touched the top of American achievement and that the affection of his friends will expand to the admiration of his countrymen of the coming age.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.



SALUTAT  
BY THOMAS EAKINS